1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[ARCHERS]

[P.168-B]
301 are also used for adornment. Both men and women may wear combs in their hair. Sometimes the Mbuti make such combs themselves, more often they are borrowed or stolen from the villagers (Fig. 15a).

Body Decoration

304 177 Body mutilation is practiced occasionally in imitation of the villagers. Schebesta mentions
302 as a peculiar "Bambuti" custom the plucking of eyelashes, also the shaving of the head for esthetic effect. Men may tattoo their foreheads;
304 women, their faces, stomachs, and backs. Teeth may be chipped, and sometimes women pierce their nasal septa, lips, and earlobes. Cicatriza-
302 tion is very rare. All Mbuti, says Schebesta, like to paint the body for esthetic effect as opposed to the magical significance of facial painting.
[386] White, red, and black are the colors used, the dyes being obtained from clay and certain

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[ARCHERS]

[P. 169-A]

302 barks. The preparation of the dyes and the
386 painting of the geometric designs are a woman's
[462] art.

Care of Body

515 Schebesta says that bodily care is very much neglected among the Mbuti. He agrees with and quotes Stuhlmann (1894) who writes that the Pygmies are exceptionally dirty and are afraid of water. Schebesta also mentions the fondness of the Mbuti for rubbing oil into the skin.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS

231
[439] The hunting dog (Efe: *ebó*) is the sole domestic animal. Schebesta says that all Mbuti maintain hunting dogs, bought from villagers or
[534] acquired by trade. These dogs are mute; hence the need for dog bells, made by the Pygmies themselves and hung around the dog's neck (Fig. 7i).

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[NET HUNTERS]

[P. 200 - B]

nkusa vine into cord, mainly used for net repairing, are also everyday occupations. The net hunters use vine much more widely than the archers who use it for basketry rather than cordage. Putnam also mentions the use of certain types of vine that give water. *Njelani* is a long vine used for making children's swings and the high swings used by young men mainly during the honey season.

Body Decoration

Body decoration and mutilation as described in the Putnam material is similar to that recounted by Schebesta, except that in the painting of designs on the body Anne Putnam mentions the use of *kangay*, a black dye obtained from the juice of the gardenia fruit (Fig. 30a). This is applied with a small twig. Use of red and white is confined to ceremonial occasions. A variety of hats and headdresses is used by the net hunters, also bracelets, necklaces, combs, and lip plugs. All of these may be made by the Mbuti, though often in imitation of village artifacts (Fig. 30).

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[NET HUNTERS]

[P 201-A]

Care of Body

515 According to the Putnams, the net hunters
• 302 take much greater care of their bodies than
[184] Schebesta's archers. They bathe frequently in the shallow streams near the camp, inspect each other carefully for bugs and lice (acquired inevitably when sleeping on the ground), and shave their heads for purposes of cleanliness rather than for esthetic satisfaction. Oil, when available, is rubbed into the skin. On ceremonial occasions, when they visit the Bantu village, palm oil is used, often mixed with *nkula* paste to add to its natural deep red color.

DOMESTIC ANIMALS

231 The only domestic animal, as with the arch-
184 ers, is the hunting dog, but this, although highly prized, is not so important to the net hunter as to the archer and tracker. Even among the larger net-hunting bands there may be only one or two dogs.

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[NET HUNTERS]

INITIATION: *elima*

881 [184] The first difference between Putnam's material and that of Schebesta regarding initiation is that among the net hunters there is a form of initiation of girls known as *elima*. Schebesta [114] believes this to be a village custom (*elimo*), but no details are available for comparison. 881 Data on the Mbuti *elima* come mainly from Anne Putnam's notes on several such festivals that she witnessed among the Epulu net hunters. She was unable to get full information, but states that the *elima* (her spelling: *alima*) is held as girls come to the age of puberty—either individually or jointly. At such time the girl, [346] with some of her companions (unmarried girls and those whose breasts had begun to form), enters the *elima* house, a special hut built in the camp in the usual way but larger and with a partition down the middle. The *elima* hut is in the care of one of the old women in the camp, who is also in charge of the instruction of the menstruating girl.

[301] The *elima* lasts about a month. During this [302] time the *elima* girls put on the vine circlets over their heads and under each shoulder (as worn by boy initiates) and paint their faces and bodies with white clay about twice a day, making designs on one another without, apparently, any particular convention. They go out of the camp together to collect vine and wood, also to collect roots and small pieces of wood that will make good ammunition. At

[P. 216-87]

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1953) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[NET HUNTERS]

In so far as the net hunters are much more likely to tell a legend than they are to discuss a question or expound a theory, legends are a valuable source that should be tapped, with the necessary cautions, to give us some insight into Mbuti rationalization as opposed to rationalization among the Mbuti. 538

Art

As among the archers, graphic art is limited to the decoration of the human body (notably the buttocks, legs, and face) and also of bark-cloth. As mentioned above, the juice of the gardenia fruit is used for painting body designs, which Putnam says are for pure esthetic effect and of no magical significance. He believes, however, that some of the facial scarifications may indicate clan membership. No details are given. He adds that sometimes women name their designs; for example, a spotted design may be called "leopard." The design rests in the hands of the artist rather than of the subject. 307 531 [326] [324] [304]

Sometimes even head shaving is performed in such a way as to leave simple designs.

Some carving is now being done (Fig. 49) in imitation of village carvings. 532 194

As with the archers, music and dance are vitally important means of expression to the 533 535

[P. 233-D]

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1955 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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/Plate 26-A/

[P 285-A] /Caption appears on p. 284/.

Jr Turnbull E-4, 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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302

/Plate 26-27

/Caption appears on p. 285/

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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/Plate 27-A/

/Caption appears on p.286/

I: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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/Plate 27-B/

/Caption appears on p. 284/

[P 287-B]

1: Turnbull E-4.5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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[illegible]

/Plate 28-A/

/Caption appears on p. 288/

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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/Plate 28-B/

/Caption appears on p.288/

I: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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/Plate 29-B/

/Caption appears on p.290/

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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/Plate 30-A/

/Caption appears on p. 292/

1: Turnbull E-4,5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
M'buti

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/Plate 31/

[p 295] /Caption appears on p. 290/

1: Turnbull E-4.5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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/Plate 32-A/

/Caption appears on p.296/

1: Turnbull E-4. 8 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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412

/Plate 36-A/

/Caption appears on p. 304/

1: Turnbull E-4. 5 (1951-1955) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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/Plate 36-B/

/Caption appears on p. 304/

1: Turnbull E-4.5 (1951-1955) 1966 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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/Plate 37/

[P 305] /Caption appears on p. 306/

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4 Mbuti

[P. 108-E]

142
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5. Mbuti women and girls rest as they bring roofing leaves into village for village houses.

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti
Congo-Kinshasa FO1

[R108-J]

12. Mbuti women may take part in a hoop dance while in the village, but traditional forest songs and dances are forbidden outside the forest. Note the body decorations on the leg of the woman to the rear; the dye is obtained from the gardenia fruit.

13. A village wedding is arranged for the Mbuti hunter Makubasi. Here his bride, flanked by two sisters, stands in the middle of the village on banana-leaf cushions, fanned by her kpare's sister. By arranging such marriages, the villagers hope to maintain some control over the Mbuti they believe they "inherit."

In Turnbull E-S (1951-1956) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

way to the forest. If the *elima* happens to be in a village camp, as it sometimes is for part of its duration, the girls will still go away off into the forest to sing their songs. The older men and women say that the festival should be held entirely in the forest, but the younger Mbuti point out that it is an occasion for rejoicing and feasting, and so it is much better to be near a village and eat off the villagers. Even when doing that, however, one is likely to come across broken saplings stuck in the ground alongside a trail many hours from the village camp, showing that the *bamelima* passed by there, "rejoicing the forest." Sometimes they may be heard in their peculiar antiphony with the forest, at other times the saplings appear swiftly and silently a few yards from an Mbuti youth as a sign that the *bamelima* are nearby and should not be disturbed. Sometimes youths, thinking they have left the *bamelima* safely in their hut in a village camp, are hours off in the forest in their usual boisterous, noisy way, and will find themselves attacked and chased by the girls, armed with sticks and whips.

Usually the girls are all together, but every now and then one of the *elima* girls and her assistant will go off together into the forest, and stay there for half a day or more. At such times the others sit around looking dejected, and complain of being deserted. The older women then say that they should not complain, that it is good for the girl to go away sometimes and "converse with the forest."

As at birth, there is a certain amount of decoration of the body with what might be considered as forest charms, and toward the end of the festival the girls paint each other with a white forest clay. The personification of the forest, and the frequency with which it is referred to, and the way in which this is done as though its personality were an ordinary matter of fact are another indication of the intense personal importance of the forest in the life of the Mbuti, of its character as a parent, a friend, and a lover, the provider of all things. But it cannot be interpreted as forest worship, for to the Mbuti it is simply a matter of fact.

One thing that is particularly interesting in consideration of the *bamelima* is that while it is very clearly an age group, it does two things. It does not deny individuality to the *elima* girl, who in fact is constantly displaying it and often causing friction as a result, but it effectively consolidates an age group that might otherwise have been rather lacking in cohesion. Girl's activities are, on the whole, less co-operative in nature than those of boys, and whereas boys are clearly formed into co-operative groups before arriving at puberty, this is not

2: Turnbull E-S (1961-1968) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

of the most dramatic festivals possible. The *molimo* is not concerned with the death of the individual, nor with securing safe passage for the soul, but rather with affirming a belief in life and in the continuity of life and in the continuity of the band, despite the fact of death.

It seems, from inquiry in all parts of the forest, that there were many different ways of burying the dead and that no uniform custom existed; rather that, as now, each band had its own preferences. The most common method now, and apparently in the past, is simply to pull the hut down over the corpse, the body having been buried in a shallow pit dug in the ground or simply left on the bed, covered with leaves. In some bands the hut is then burned, in others it is left, but the general practice is to move camp at once. If it is too late to move that day, the family concerned will sleep out in the open until they are able to build a new hut in the next camp.

On some occasions bodies are buried up in trees, and in the south-eastern region of net-hunters this is how the Mbuti say they dispose of dead lepers. Nearly all Mbuti say that in the old days they buried their dead in holes in the ground, filling the holes in afterward so that the animals would not find the bodies. Today it is usual, throughout the forest, to wash the body before disposing of it in any of these ways. But this, and other practices such as scenting the corpse, wrapping it in a cloth if one is available, raising and lowering it three times before burial, and orienting the body in its resting place, vary according to the practices of the local villagers, and are almost certainly to a large extent borrowed from them. The Mbuti seem impatient and unconcerned about such details, and if they attend to them they do so only perfunctorily. They are particularly reluctant to allow anything of any possible value to be buried with a body, and if the burial takes place in a village and the villagers insist on using cloths and sleeping mats, the Mbuti will do their best to retrieve these unseen, at the last moment.

Similarly, head-shaving seems to be of little significance to the Mbuti, though they frequently do shave when a member of the band dies. But, unlike the villagers, they are not consistent in the practice, and they leave their hair lying around where it has fallen to the ground, whereas the villagers are scrupulously careful to collect their own hair cuttings, which they take off into the forest, or to a stream, and secretly hide.

The explanation given for self-mortification is that all the immediate family feel responsible, to some extent, for a death in their midst.

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[P.156-D]

xo. Cephu the troublemaker[b] but also Cephu the great storyteller.

[b][see pages 101-109; 194-198 -- Analyw]

[P. 228-A]

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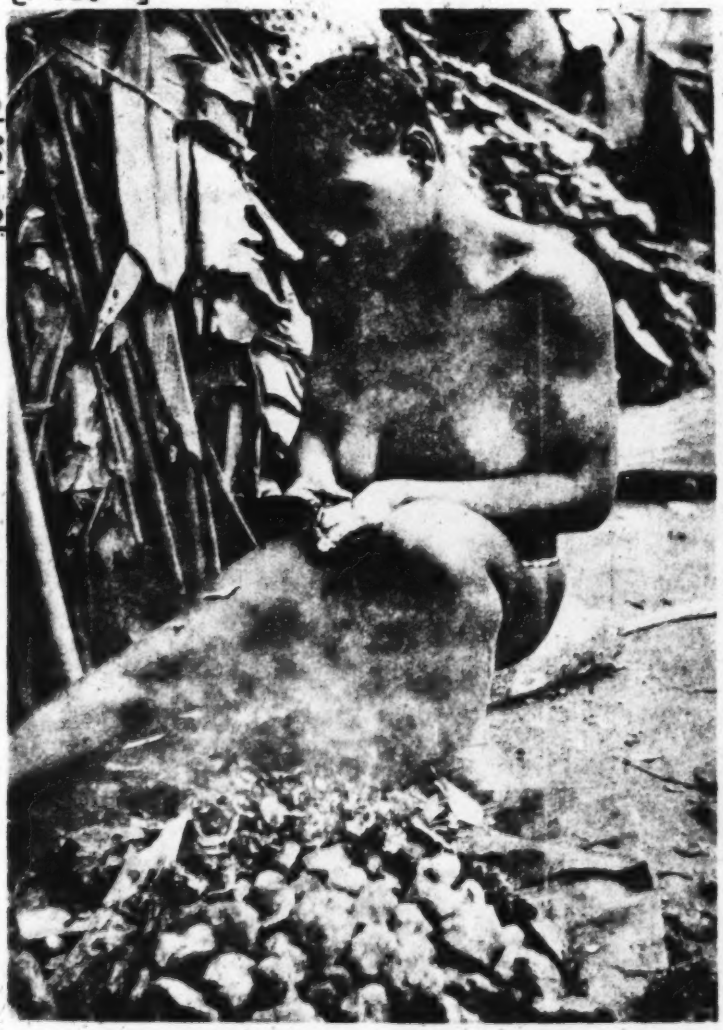

412
439 21. A young Mbuti mother, sitting on a log, prepares mushrooms, using a village knife. Another such knife lies across her left foot. It is probably the most widely used utensil for which the Mbuti are dependent upon the villagers, though still not indispensable.

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

22. A young hunter prepares meat on a smoking rack for bringing to the village.

[P. 228-C]

142
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23. A youth, Kenge, strips a piece of bark before it is soaked, prior to hammering it into cloth.

24. Strips of bark, softened by water or smoke, are hammered into cloth up to eighteen inches wide. There are many individual preferences for different types of bark.

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2; Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[P.276-C]

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29. A hunting fire is lit to announce to the forest that the hunt is setting out. Hunters on their way will pass by, but no special ritual is performed.

[224]

2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[P.276-G]

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34. A youth, recently initiated, is still considered far from manhood in the forest. Here he helps an older brother set up the net.

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2: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1965 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

[P·276-I]

142
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291
202

36. When the kill is assured, a youth signals back to the camp and to other hunters, to let them know what kind of game has fallen into whose net. Relatively complex messages can be signaled in this way, variations in rhythm combining with variations in pitch achieved by flexing the elbow, which forms a sound box when clapped with the other hand.

[P. 276-J]

222
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412

37. Honey-gathering usually involves climbing to great heights, but honey is occasionally found near ground level. Only if found in fallen tree trunks can the honey be collected by women.

38. Honey is highly prized, but is nonetheless shared among all. Here Kelemoké's uncle, Masalito, shares with his favorite nephew.

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[P 276-K]

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39. The musical bow, apart from the wooden clappers used during the *molimo* and during the honey season, is the only musical instrument that seems to be original to the Mbuti. Even this is slightly used, the one here simply being a hunting bow tapped by an arrow, the mouth acting as the resonator. An extremely musical people, the Mbuti are, unlike the villagers, vocal rather than instrumental.

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40. Balekimito, the old lady who "died well," and for whom the exceptionally long *molimo* festival was held. The charm around her neck, stolen from the villagers, would have been regarded by the Arabized Ngwana as powerful magic. For her it was a mere ornament.

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

156
832 dabate still had her fine maiden's figure, with firm upstanding breasts.
876 Nobody ever mentioned the fact that they were childless. Kondabate
[302] decorated herself more than any other Pygmy girl I have known,
156 and by every possible means, Negro and Pygmy. She not only dyed
832 her body with designs of vines and fruits, painted on with the black
302 juice of the gardenia fruit, but she also had elaborate patterns cica-
304 trized on her stomach, and her teeth were filed to sharp points so
that when she smiled or laughed, as she frequently did, she looked
[361] just a little dangerous. Kondabate decided to build her house to the
north of the hillock, so that she was next to old Sau, and opposite
her father.

765 During the afternoon Amabosu, Sau's son—the great singer—
went around from hut to hut with Manyalibo's adopted son, Ma-
dyadya. (Manyalibo had offered his molimo for Balekimito's festival,
as Ekianga said he had none.) The two youths stood outside the
[283] entrance to each hut with a basket and a length of cord made from
nkusa vine, the kind of cord used for making hunting nets. Madya-
dya held one end of the cord while Amabosu tied the other in a
[262] noose and laid it in the doorway of the hut. The owner of the hut,
or her husband if she was not there, would put a small bunch of
bananas in the noose, or a manioc root, or a bundle of mushrooms,
or perhaps even a small piece of meat, and Madyadya would jerk the
string taut. After a brief mock struggle he would haul in the catch
and put it in his basket, then go on to the next hut. From every hut
765 the two collected an offering of food in this way. When their basket
372 was full they hung it up on a tree stump beside the central fire that
was now blazing between Manyalibo's hut and the hut his daughter
was busily making. This fire had itself been made up from offerings
of wood collected from each family hearth. I remembered seeing
Manyalibo go around taking an ember or log from every fireplace,
whether the owners were there or not.

765 I noticed that only men sat at this fire and asked Kenge why this
582

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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Tungana, a grandfather many times over, in a gennet-skin cap.

[P. 72-B]

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

Opposite: Kenge uses a hunting bow as a musical instrument.

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Ageronga's wife prepares a bundle of ***mongongo*** leaves for thatching her hut.

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• 302
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[P. 72-D]

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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Kenge uses a hunting bow as a musical instrument.
[P.72-E]

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

142
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301
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824

Asofalinda's eldest daughter being painted with kangay juice for a wedding.

[P 72-H]

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

Masalito comforts the young Kaoya during the *nkumbi* rites at a Negro village.

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[P 72-I]

3 Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

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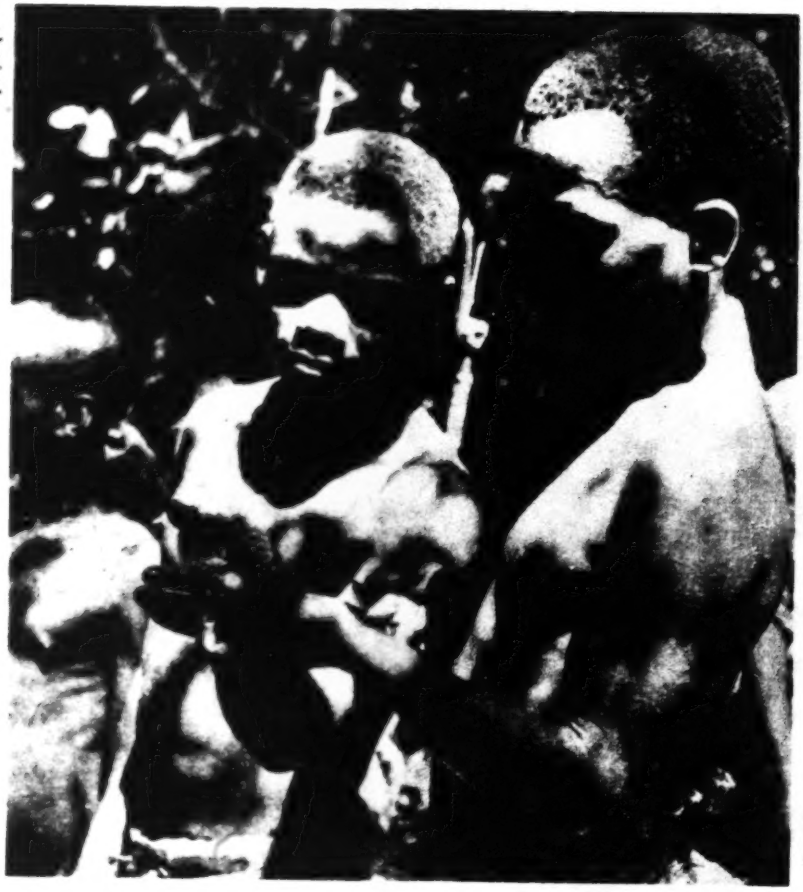

Kelekome and his uncle, Masalito, examine a piece of honeycomb to see if the hive is ready for raiding. Honey is probably the most prized food in the forest.

[P.72-M]

to cook the morning meal. Back in the camp they sat outside their huts, legs straight out in front of them in what seemed the most uncomfortable position possible. From there they prepared the family repast, placing green plantains in the hot ashes to roast, or concocting a stew of mushrooms and chopped leaves with whatever meat was left over from the day before, covering the pot with large leaves to trap the steam and to keep out ashes and dirt. Any little chores that had to be done were done by their daughters, who scurried around collecting dry twigs to heat the fire up more quickly, or sat over the fire with their baby brothers, carefully guarding the pot and making sure it did not upset when the burning wood subsided. The younger women, freed in this way, relaxed and set to work making themselves beautiful. They sat in full view of the camp, unashamedly painting their bodies with black paste, calling their friends over to help with the more inaccessible regions. The buttocks in particular they found difficult to paint themselves, and rather than waste such an expansive area they would either bend over in front of a friend, or lie across her lap.

The men combined business with pleasure too, usually meeting at the kumamolimo to drink from a steaming bowl of liko. The young bachelors mostly cooked their own simple breakfast here, and together they all discussed the day ahead of them—where they should go to hunt, what they might expect to find. Cephu never came over from his little camp at such times. He merely waited until all the others set off for the hunt, then he joined them.

The men also had to prepare their nets. Helping one another, they uncoiled long lengths of knotted twine, sometimes stretching for three hundred feet, inspecting every section with care. Then, standing upright, the assistant holding the net off the ground, each man coiled his net again so that it hung from one shoulder to within a few inches of his ankle. With a loose length of twine he deftly bound the coils together, gave the net a final shake and hung it from

an empty basket at him and said, "There, you make so much noise, go and fill it yourself." Even before the hunt went off there were two full baskets hanging up, and by evening there were four.

The change between the atmosphere of the morning and that of the evening was unbelievable. Usually when a day starts off in such ill humor it continues in that way to the bitter end. But the hunt seemed to restore everyone's good spirits, even though it was not outstandingly successful. I did not go on the hunt, but stayed in camp. And all day long the girls were singing in Kondabate's house, and the old woman was with them.

After we had eaten the evening meal Manyalibo went around the camp himself and took a piece of wood from the fire outside each hut, placing them all on the molimo fire. Then, before it was completely dark, the men gathered to sing. Even Cephu was there, and the singing was light and cheerful. The girls that had been in Kondabate's hut came out as soon as we started. They had painted their bodies with black kangay juice, and in their hair they had twined circlets of vine, one strand of which stuck way out in front, over their foreheads, with a small bunch of feathers dangling from the end. They kept together in a tight little group, their bodies swaying in unison to the songs of the men. Then they began to dance, still so close together that I could not see between them. They danced all around the group, forcing us closer and closer to the fire. In a snaking, graceful line they seemed to take charge of the music, increasing the tempo until the men were as exhausted as they were, and we all stopped for a rest.

By then it was dark, and I expected the girls and the rest of the women and children to retire to their huts. But they had built a fire of their own at the edge of the molimo group, and there they all sat, chatting inconsequentially as though they did this every night. It was then that I first noticed the old woman. Under a great headdress of vine and feathers her hatchet face looked more angular than

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

During this time the older women paid more and more attention to what was going on and gathered almost nightly outside the house to join in the singing. But one evening was different in that almost every woman in the group was there. There were even some women from Cephu's group, which had temporarily detached itself and was now some miles away. They gathered early, before it was fully dark. The bright blue sky was deepening without any of the wild tinges of color that so often come at dusk, and the tiny puffs of cloud that drifted across remained a shining, fluffy white, even when the sky was almost black.

The women brought sticks of fire with them, and some of them cooked and ate their evening meal right there outside the elima house; others just sat around and gossiped, huddling close to the fires from habit, though in the village it was still warm. Inside the house the girls were singing, but the women outside did not join in. The men sat before their huts, watching and waiting. Finally the door opened and the girls trooped out. The younger ones came first, their bodies decorated with modest blobs of white paste made from clay; then came Akidinimba and Kidaya and their attendants, resplendent and magnificent, yet strangely shy. They must have spent hours working on themselves and one another, for they were covered with elaborate patterns skillfully drawn with fingers and thin sticks, also using the white clay. Akidinimba had taken particular trouble to paint her breasts with intricate circles of lines punctuated with blobs, something like a grapevine gone to seed, whereas the more demure Kidaya had concentrated on her buttocks, and these were covered with a hundred carefully painted little stars. Each girl had her favorite style, and each was different. They looked around coyly, to make sure they were being admired, and sat down at the edge of the group of women.

They began singing then, together with the women, much more seriously than they had ever done before. They sang as though they

3: Turnbull E-5 (1951-1958) 1962 FO4 Pygmies FO4
Mbuti

881 533 *were* women. They sang right through the evening and now and then stood up and danced in a bashful circle around one of the fires. 881 885 533 They sang songs whose words had no particular significance but which in themselves were of the greatest significance, being songs sung only by adult women. That was why so many of the mothers and grandmothers had assembled, to welcome their daughters into their midst again, no longer as children, but as friends and partners in adult life. Some of the women looked sad, for they knew that [591] this meant that the girls would soon get married, and then they would almost certainly leave to join their husbands in other camps.

881 885 157 Akidinimba was very different from her usual boisterous self. She was still self-assured, and she bounced her breasts up and down as flagrantly as ever, but perhaps she was subdued by the thought that she was no longer the leader of a group of young girls, but only a young and inexperienced member of womanhood, with all the responsibilities this entailed.

881 533 415 Kidaya too was thoughtful. While the others sang Kidaya sat with her back to them, fondling a large clay cooking pot. She tapped on it with her fingers, keeping time to the music. Then she drew it close and held the mouth of the pot against her stomach, bending her head down to listen to the effect. It evidently pleased her, because she continued the experiment by taking hold of her breasts and forcing them into the mouth of the pot, squirming around until she was comfortable. Then she moved her body rhythmically, producing a variety of curious sounds, not only in the tone of the drumming of her hands, but by making sucking noises as the air was forced in and out. When she tired of that she put the pot between her knees, and sang quietly into the mouth of it, getting a deep reverberating effect. This sounded so much like the molimo that the men started, and one of the women turned and said something sharply to Kidaya. 881 Kidaya herself was a little startled and put the pot away from her. 152 302 She relapsed into a thoughtful mood, slowly and deliberately rubbing

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herself with her hands, wiping off all the beautiful decorations so laboriously painted on her body by her friends. When the singing ended and the girls retired for the night, Akidinimba was still as decorative as when she first appeared, but Kidaya was just a mass of streaked and dirty gray. And there were tears in her eyes.

During the last week the elima battles reached their highest pitch, both sides making the most of the opportunity while it lasted. The elima was, on the surface, a pretty happy-go-lucky affair, and what went on inside the hut was best left to the imagination. But in fact it all had a very definite purpose, and was closely supervised by the watchful eyes of Asofalinda and Mambunia. For the Pygmies, the elima is not just a puberty rite for girls; it is a celebration of adulthood, and just as much for boys as for girls. For Akidinimba and Kidaya certain physical changes had taken place which marked them as women, but for boys there are no such self-evident changes. They have to prove their manhood. Village boys do this by entering the initiation schools, but even though Pygmies enter the same schools, it is for a different purpose, quite unconnected with adulthood as they see it. For them the elima serves the purpose, or at least a part of it.

In the elima, the boy has to show considerable courage to fight his way into the house, after he has been invited. In the last week the women maintain constant guard outside, and they are well supplied with all sorts of ammunition. If they want to keep any particular boy away from their daughters they are perfectly capable of doing it. And when a boy finally succeeds in breaking his way through he still has to face a possible beating from the girls inside. If he has not been invited by having been beaten beforehand, he will certainly have to go through it now.

As well as this, in order to prove himself a man, the boy has to kill "a real animal." That is to say, not a small one, such as a child might kill, but one of the larger antelopes, or even a buffalo, so prov-

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er's chances by going to live with Kenge before Yambabo had been well and truly bound to Taphu.

There was only one thing to do, so Kenge made arrangements for Yambabo to leave the next day, with a suitable wedding party. They would stop overnight at Katala's village and continue the next day to Babama. At this point an uncle of Taphu's died, and the Babama villagers sent a message that the wedding was off. Taphu, however, sent word that as far as the Pygmies were concerned the death made no difference and the wedding was on. Kenge did not want to offend the villagers at this stage, so he delayed a few days, and after a respectable lapse of time he finally sent the wedding party off. But not before Yambabo had had yet another change of mind. As she was being rubbed with palm oil and camwood paste, so that she would look her very best, she suddenly reached out for the hearth. Before anyone could stop her she had covered herself from head to foot in ashes, the sign of deepest mourning. As the rest of the party had already been oiled and painted for some time, and were anxious to be on their way, there was not much sympathy for Yambabo. They told her that if she wanted to walk through the villages like a ghost they did not mind, but one way or another she was going. Masisi, who was acting as her father, gave her a long lecture, during which his wife hurriedly wiped off the ashes and smeared on more oil.

The party finally got off and had a slow and pleasant journey, stopping in each village in the hopes of receiving presents of food and palm wine. It stopped over at Katala's, where the long-suffering family of Ngoma fed the whole party lavishly, and the next day it arrived at Babama. Yambabo was led through the village to the Pygmies' encampment, but the villagers came hurrying after. They said the wedding could not possibly take place there so soon after the death of a relative and would have to be held in the village. Taphu wandered out of his hut to see what was going on. He was dressed in a dreadful array of cast-off clothes given him by the villagers.

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the matter by sending him to a mission school the far side of Mambasa.

The boys were not all cut on the same day, but over a period of two weeks. Akobo, the youngest son of Masisi, was the first to be cut, and with him went Masoudi, nephew of Ekianga. They were, at ten or eleven years of age, as brave as any adult, but they were tough children. It was different with little Sansiwake, one of Cephu's nephews. Sansiwake was one of the most beautiful children imaginable, and as beautiful and gentle in character as he was in appearance. He was soft-spoken, and had a voice as musical as his name. His eyes were the dark melting eyes of the *boloko* antelope, as sensitive and as trusting. On this occasion they were as frightened as those of a young animal caught in a hunting net, struggling for its life. His body was as graceful and as delicate as that of a fawn, and his thoughts were only thoughts of kindness, of concern and love for his mother, Tamasa, whose face was eaten away by yaws, and for his father, Aberi, who was hideously ugly and who constantly brought ridicule on himself and his family.

Sansiwake was the only boy to cry when being taken away from his home. He cried not only for himself, but because his mother was crying bitterly at being parted from her son who was as much a man to her as her husband. Sansiwake was brought to the village, and his head was shaved as the first of a series of ritual acts symbolizing the casting off of an old life. Then Sabani appeared, dressed and painted in a terrifying manner, to smell out his next victim. His face was covered with a mask, his body was daubed with white clay, and his arms and legs were bound with great bundles of raffia so that as he danced he looked half animal and half bird. With him were a number of nkumbi drummers, beating a wild and ear-shattering tattoo, driving all women and uninitiated children into their houses, where they locked and barred the doors. Only little Sansiwake was left outside.